

## HARDY TROPHY RETURNS TO ALBERTA

### President and Mrs. Wallace Entertain in Athabasca Lounge

FOUR HUNDRED GUESTS ENJOY GAY AFFAIR

Entertaining at a delightfully gay "At Home," Dr. and Mrs. Wallace received in the lounge room of Athabasca Hall to about 400 guests on Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30 o'clock.

Among those present at the reception were the members of the faculty and their wives, the board of governors, the board of the University Hospital and their wives, and others prominent in official circles here.

The Hon. W. L. Walsh, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, and Mrs. Walsh were also present. Mrs. Walsh was attractively gowned in white, brocaded in silver, with touches of green.

Mrs. Wallace looked very lovely in white lace, fashioned on slender lines, and falling into a train at the back.

The Varsity Orchestra was in attendance. Dancing began at 9:30 and continued until one, interrupted, however, by an attractive supper which was served about 11 o'clock.

The lounge and ballroom were beautifully decorated in gold and green, with marigolds, palms and ferns lending an attractive and memorable effect.

### SERIES OF LECTURES BY PROF. BURGESS

A series of four lectures is being given under the auspices of the Edmonton Museum of Arts in Room 142 of the Medical Building by Prof. Cecil Burgess on "The Evolution of the Home."

The series is as follows:

1. Tudor Hall and Manor, Nov. 1st.
2. Elizabethan Homes for Delight, Nov. 8th.
3. The Stately Homes of England, Nov. 15th.
4. Homes of the Present and the Future, Nov. 22nd.

The lectures indicate how the home takes its form from the social economic ideas and conditions of the times, and how in every feature it reflects and illustrates these, changing with the changing times.

The first lecture on the Tudor Hall and Manor dealt with the origin of the home which had as its focus the hearth of the Manorial Hall, the common meeting place of the family of the squire and his servants, themselves forming one of the many scattered nuclei of the feudal system of management of the land. This first form of the house was a self-sustaining community, and was dominated by the spacious lofty hall, the common day-room and dining-hall of the whole group.

In spite of the comparative rudeness of manners and limited material resources of the time, the skill of the craftsman, trained in centuries of building work on church and fortress, produced buildings for the Manor that have never been excelled in beauty, and in thousands of instances have remained intact, and after three or four centuries are still as desirable places of residence as any that have been erected since.

The lectures are illustrated by lantern slides, many of which are from works recently acquired by the University Library from funds supplied under the Carnegie Trust.

### NOTICE

Open Forum Debate Thursday. Subject, "Resolved, that Pacifism is a tenable attitude in the world today." Four Freshmen are speaking, Bert Ayres and Hugh McDonald defending the house and John Sandercock and Gordon Fee are the aggressors.

### INJURED ON SATURDAY



DOUG MCINTYRE

Who came here from U.B.C., suffered a chipped collar-bone in the last game against Meralomas. We hope that this will not keep him out of basketball.

### WELCOME BACK!



THE HARDY CUP

Symbolic of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Rugby Football Championship, won yesterday. Saskatchewan is challenging for it, and will play here Saturday.

### VISITS AND CONGRATULATIONS

Ahem!

A pleasant surprise for members of The Gateway staff fortunate enough to be in the offices comes in the person of Dr. George Kerby, of Mount Royal College, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Smith, of Highlands Church.

Dr. Kerby congratulated those members of the staff present (I don't know what for, either). He then told interesting details of the days when he edited the Victoria College paper. This college is now with the University of Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Smith congratulated The Gateway on its superlative handling of the recent "religious war," and bought a subscription. Are we happy!

### LIMERICK CONTEST ANNOUNCED

Starting today, the Buckingham Cigarette Company is running a series of Limerick contests throughout the season in The Gateway. The prize for the first contest will be a large tin of 100 Buckingham cigarettes given for the best last line of the current Limerick. So all you smokers, get out pencils, sharpen up your wits and lay in the winter's stock of cigarettes now, merely by demonstrating your mental prowess.

### NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

The first Students' Union General meeting will be held next Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 11:30 a.m. All lectures will be cancelled for that hour. The agenda includes the presentation of the budget.

### SENIOR HOCKEY NOTICE

Pre-season training starts Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 4:30, at the Varsity grid.

### LITTLE THEATRE TO PRESENT "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" will be presented on Friday and Saturday of this week by the Experimental Branch of the Edmonton Little Theatre, in the Masonic Auditorium.

Most of the leading roles in the famous comedy will be taken by veterans of Little Theatre and University plays John Rule, E. S. Keeping, Franklin Johnson, Oliver Gunderson, Stewart Carson and Richard Locke, all of whom are experienced actors, are in the cast. Best known of the women who will appear is Miss Sara Yampolsky, who will play Maria. The part of Viola is being taken by Miss Dorothy Horrocks.

Season tickets, good for six shows, cost \$3.50, and may be obtained at the Little Theatre workshop in the Masonic Hall. Payment may be made in instalments.

### THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE

AT THE U. OF A.

- A Freshman who thinks the Arts Building more important than the Tuck.
- A Sorority Sister who could suppress a swell sniff of sophisticated superiority.
- Students listening to just one lecture by the President without playing Xs and Os.
- A Sophomore who does not think big words are a sign of intellect.
- A Professor who does not think his course the most important in University.
- Less attention given by the Co-eds to the motto, "Save the surface—"
- Freshwomen talking about something beside their lousy "Dates."
- Any University chap who could take a drink and be hushed about it.
- The student body flood the churches and stop this "Talk of the Town."

### FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Saskatchewan Huskies are reconsidering decision in regard to a football game with the Golden Bears for the Hardy Cup. Final decision to be made tonight.

### Freshmen "Dark Horses" Go to Polls on Friday

KEEN COMPETITION EVIDENCED IN COMING ELECTION

On Friday, Nov. 9, the Freshman Class will go to the polls in the Arts Common Room to elect their leaders for the coming year.

By Monday noon so little enthusiasm in the way of nominations had been shown that The Gateway was getting ready to censure very severely the Freshman Class in general. However, by five o'clock, the latest time by which nominations would be received, the Students' Union office had been swamped with nominations. Evidently our Freshmen and Freshettes are just as enthusiastic and loyal to their dear old Alma Mater as any former Freshman class has been.

There are five nominations for President: Mr. Abell, Albert Ayres, Fred Glover, Kenneth Madsen, and Bill Spencer. The nominations for Vice-President were all Freshettes: Margaret Irving, Helen McMullen, and Marjorie Montgomery. The nominations for Secretary-treasurer number three: Paul Corbett, Thornton Gregg and Don McIntyre. Evidently there will be very keen competition at the polls on Friday. The executive, of course, has the most candidates: Mr. Allan, Mr. Blake, Stanley Clarke, Pierre Cote, Trevor Davies, Matt Davis, Bob Folinsbee, Charles Stetch, and Catherine Terwelligar.

It is the duty and privilege of all the Freshman Class to hear their candidates' election speeches. These will be held in room 258 in the Medical Building at 4:30 o'clock on Wednesday. Every candidate will have his election platform well in hand, and competition should be very keen.

### PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

WHEREAS:

There is a huge number of candidates for the Freshman elections, many of whom are known to their classmates more by sight than by name.

BE IT RESOLVED THAT:

Each candidate immediately have his or her pictures taken at the Varsity or other studio and present one copy to the Publicity Department on Thursday, so that the photos may be mounted with their corresponding names in a prominent position at the polling booth.

This will be no added expense to the candidates, it being understood that these photos will be turned in to the Year Book for the class picture.

ED. J. MCCORMICK.

### MOUNT ROYAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Newcombe have returned from their honeymoon trip to Vancouver. We extend our belated congratulations to them.

We haven't seen much of Dr. Kerby recently, as he has been out of town the last two week-ends. His latest trip was to Cremona, Carstairs and Jackson, where he conducted anniversary services.

Mary and Jack Macmillan entertained a number of Mount Royalites on their return from Olds Saturday evening. The pangs of hunger were satisfied amid the discussion of the eventful day. Among those noticed drinking doughnuts were: D'Alton Howe, Don Clay, Ed Barton, Jack Lyons, John Davidson, Dutch Hunter, Jack Macmillan, and John Watson.

I saw on Friday: D'Alton Howe talking so convincingly to the magistrate in police court that the driving charge against him was dismissed. John Davidson in court with his arm in a sling, but was not called to the witness stand. You should be a lawyer, Howe!

We saw Saturday afternoon: The Agricultural School. Did anyone? G. Lord, B. Hanen, et al eating crackers. Someone chiselling cream. Mr. Purvis addressing an enthusiastic audience. A concerted search after an elusive turkey. Great clouds of smoke to the accompaniment of "Get along, little stogie, get along." Mr. Mayhew doing his good deed twice in one day. Don Clay looking slightly worried (?). J. Davidson matching wits with orientals in regard to ice cream. Certain chemical experiments in relation to the qualitative and quantitative composition of ketchup. Some of Zeigfield's chorus ch. Ben? Miss Ross blushing most becomingly; I wonder why? Lewis admiring (?) his transformed nose in the mirror. D'Alton Howe getting a haircut at Olds during the game. Jack Macmillan forgetting he was a gentleman during the game. Everyone doing their own "stretching" at "Ling's Cafe." Jack Macmillan getting ready to re-tire on the way home from Olds.

### COM. CLUB HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

The regular meeting of the Commerce Club was held Monday noon in the Varsity Tuck Shop. The regular dinner was served, after which the meeting took on a business flavor. Chairman Bob Allsopp introduced the visiting speaker, Mr. Peters, comptroller for the Hudson's Bay Store in Edmonton.

Mr. Peters gave a brief talk on the "Principles of Good Executiveship" as applied to the modern business world. In concluding, he extended a welcome to all Commerce students to visit the Office Department of the H.B. Co. and make a study of the systems in use.

As an outcome of the business discussion, it was decided that tours of certain Edmonton business houses would be conducted by the Commerce students. Among these would be included the Edmonton City Dairy, The Great West Garment Co., and the offices of the Journal and Bulletin.

### PHARM STUDS HOLD SOCIAL EVENING

Saturday night the King Edward Rose Room was the scene of a delightful, informal get-together of Pharmacy students. The evening was spent in dancing, time-out being called only for the enjoyment of a light supper midway through the proceedings.

### FOR MEN ONLY

The interior decorations of the University hospital are (a) drab, (b) severe, (c) unattractive, and (d) insipid. In the staff you will find not one ounce of true college spirit. Tss! tss! A person might just as well go to any hospital.

As a commission not asked to do so, we herewith submit drastic remedial measures to be ratified by Students' Council and put into effect at once:

1. The official nurse's uniform shall from this date (to be settled by Council) consist of (a) green and gold blazer, (b) green and gold shorts, (c) sun-tan stockings (d) green shoes, (e) gold cap trimmed with green.
2. Doctors will wear green and gold blazers and green trousers with gold stripes.
3. Bedrooms, operating rooms and surgical instruments will be done in green and gold. Pennants shall be much in evidence.
4. Student nurses will be organized into cheering sections, with a good deal of Pepper liberally infused into their endeavors. The following shall serve as a beginning upon which to base the cheering program:
  - (a) Three rahs shall be given the doctor who finds an appendix.
  - (b) Six rahs shall be given the doctor who extracts one.
  - (c) Ten rahs shall be given the patient.
  - (d) No less than twenty rahs shall be given the maternity patient.
  - (e) The doctor here shall be given only one rah, except in exceptional cases.
  - (f) The citizen wringing his hands in the corridor outside shall be given the rahs berry.

This would be a hospital worth going to. We suggest that, if there is any competent person here who has any influence with the nurses, steps be taken at once.

We are given to understand that the official song of the Household Economics class is from now on to be, "Home, home on the range!"

It would serve the rugby boys right for getting beaten at Vancouver if we sent the Varsity Orchestra down to the train to meet them when they come home.

### GATEWAY WEEKLY COMPETITION No. 2

Time for submitting entries will be extended until Saturday. Entries may be put in Gateway contribution box at north end of the Arts Building. Prize to be awarded the best Limerick on The Gateway.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Douglas McDermid  
Associate Editors: Chris, Jackson, William Epstein, Chas. Perkins

## STAFF FOR TUESDAY EDITION

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News Editor ..... Thomas Clark  
Feature Editor ..... Ed Greene  
Sports Editor ..... Art Kramer  
Women's Editor ..... Madeline Austin  
Proofreader ..... Jack Anderson  
Casserole ..... Lovey Shaw

## BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bob Brown  
Advertising Manager ..... Bob Scott  
Circulation Manager ..... Bruce Whitaker

## THE UNION BUDGET

For the first time in history the Treasurer of the Union has given the students a partly understandable budget. In the past the assumption has been that everybody was a chartered accountant, and knew just what the figures in the budget meant. Budgets were very "cagey." The students couldn't understand them, but the Council were protected by the fact that their budgets followed the best "budgeting" practices. What the students don't know won't hurt them has been the theory, and a very good one indeed—the fact that Reserves are shown this year is astounding. Even the "Royal Commission," although they spent weeks examining everybody, never got wise to the surplus. But this is not surprising, for when you have a past president, a president, and a president-to-be of the Union constituting the majority of such a committee, it is necessarily hampered by its own limitations. The students might just as well give up trying to find out about the budget. At least they will never find out about student finances by appointing committees of enquiry.

A close examination of the budget, as pointed out in last Friday's Gateway, is very edifying. Basketball receives more than the whole Literary Association. Perhaps the Council feels as this is a University those things of "the mind" are sufficiently taken care of by the courses given, and that they should emphasize other matters such as basketball to the tune of twelve hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty cents. The Council seems to think that basketball may be more interesting to the University students than debating, dramatics, the Philharmonic and the Political Science Club. Yet these are the activities that give the University a good name in the province. But—the Council has spoken.

The Political Science Club was granted a status in the Literary Association by last year's Council. Apparently this year's Council don't approve, for they have cut the club off without a cent. It was rumored that the Political Science Club wanted their pittance (\$75) in order to bring outstanding speakers to the University. The Council contend that more students in the University would rather see a basketball game than hear a really good speaker. Perhaps the Council are correct—the meeting Wednesday will tell. The Council if they had wished to could so easily have given the Political Science Club at least a chance to show what they could do by paying 1-45 off Men's Athletic Association, General grant, 1-57 off Men's Basketball, 1-33 off Boxing and Wrestling, 1-82 off Rugby, 1-65 off Hockey, 1-64 off Women's Basketball, 1-26 off Women's Hockey and 1-64 off Students' Union Administration. In other words, just 5c out of every Students' Union fee. Or they might have been real daring and risked \$75 out of their \$115 balance on this year's budget, or out of the \$5,061.94 reserve fund. The student body, however, mustn't be too critical of the Council and ask for too much. At least this year's Council have informed us that we have a reserve and that rather a decent surplus was carried over from last year.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

If recent events have done nothing else, they have illustrated the seasonal nature of alumni associations. The Calgary branch live in a state of suspended animation until the approach of the Christmas season revives them, and they put on a really good "Varsity Ball." The Edmonton alumni drive the freshmen around the city, and have a banquet for the graduates; but this is the limit of their activity. There hasn't been a splutter of protest from either the Edmonton or Calgary branch of the University Alumni Association at the attack made on the University. Many of the graduates of the University are men of no little importance in their respective communities, yet when any other alumni association worthy of the name would have made some move, Alberta associations have been absolutely dormant. Not a paper in the province has given an impartial account of the religious question, and certainly not one has seen fit to print the University side of the matter. Most of the editorials written have shown an appalling ignorance; a southern paper is the latest offender in this respect, for it even goes so far as to call upon the government to purge the University. If our alumni couldn't do any more than just see that the newspapers treated the matter fairly, they would be rendering a great service. Apparently, however, the Alberta Alumni Association were formed merely because it was the thing to do.



Voices  
Low moan heard coming from the architecture lab.—  
"Some atheist has stolen my eraser."  
Sad voice from the Law library—"... but the big mutt sat on my moot."  
A mere whisper from the grid: "Hold that line."

Do Becker—Oh, oh, I ate a worm in that apple.  
Helen Clarke—Want a drink of water?  
Do Becker—No. I'll let him walk down.

Big He-Man Manning—Did anyone ever tell you that you have a pretty chin?  
Fair Co-ed—Oh, no, sir. Why?  
B. H. Manning—Well, I wondered why you put another one under it.

And then there is the story of the three hermits who lived together in the wilderness. One day a white horse went by. Two weeks later said Hermit Gordon Newton, "That was a nice white horse that went by."

Six months later said Hermit Brummy Aiello, "That wasn't a white horse. It was black."  
To years later said Hermit Ed McCormick, "I'm going to leave. You guys talk too much."

Ted Graham—You don't think that I am two-faced, do you?  
Mary Hewitt—Certainly not, or you would never be wearing that one.

Bob Oleson to blonde co-ed at the Wauneita—Come on, worm. Let's wiggle.

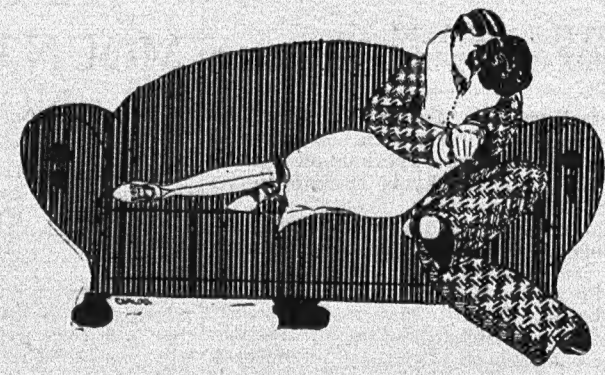
Margie Smith—How is Ole.  
Dick Burns—Not so good. Instead of an aspirin he took a tablet of plant food by mistake. Then he read that each tablet was equal to two shovelfulls of fertilizer.

"Thinking of me, dearest?"  
Dory McMillan—Was I laughing? I'm so sorry.

Overheard on Pullman to Vancouver  
Bride—Won't oos 'tittle umpsie dumsie kiss oos 'tittle ootsie wootsie?  
Sleepy rugby player in next berth—Won't those damned foreigners ever shut up?

Play in One Action  
Scene—The Cave.  
Time—To skip what's following.

Lorne Wilkinson—Hick—Hike!  
Ruth Carlyle—It's the woman that pays and pays.  
Dick Hurlburt—And still it isn't paid for.  
Dearly Beloved Freeze—Did you get that letter I sent you last summer?  
Bea Anderson—No, I didn't.  
D. B. Freeze—How perfectly file.  
Skiv Edwards—Would you like to dance?  
Just Any Woman—Yes. Thank you.  
Skiv—Why don't you?  
Mary Slattery—There is no equity. Life is just a giggling Gargoyle.  
Ches Prevey—Fire! Fire! Save the women and children.  
Jock Cameron—To heck with the children. Save the wine and women.  
Baby Proctor—Aw, let's go home and play Popeye.  
(All exit hurriedly)



Ted Bishop Pressing His Suit

Bad Man Lew Thomas—Doctor, hold my place. I'm going home to kick the baby's teeth out!

Coach Al Wilson (as stretcher passes off the field)—Let me know when he comes to. I always take a personal interest in my boys!

Mr. McCoppen (pointing to cigarette stub on floor)—Casper, is that yours?  
Casper—Not at all, sir—you saw it first.

Foreman—Are you a mechanic?  
Applicant—No, I'm a McKenzie.

Weekly Round-up—Doug Caldwell "pin-ing" away?

Ted Baker—Did you ever hear the story about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists the two skulls of King Tohamhu—one when he was a baby and one when he was grown up?

Sweet Young Thing—No, tell me about it.



10631 73rd Ave., Edmonton,  
November 3rd, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir—My attention was drawn to an article, "Censorship of the Movies," by "The Carpenter," in your last issue. The following quotation is an editorial entitled, "Good Movies Pay," from The Christian Century of June 27th, 1934:  
"... Harrison's Reports, weekly organ of the independent movie theatre owners, has drawn up the box office records of all the feature films sent out in the producing season of 1933-1934. Readers of The Christian Century can check that record against the appraisal of the quality of the feature films as it has been given week after week by the independent reviewers of the National Film Estimate service, and printed in these pages. What is the result? Here are the ten best pictures from the standpoint of the box office, together with the adult estimation of their content-quality:

Box Office Leaders. Quality Estimate.  
Lady for a Day ..... Excellent  
It Happened One Night ..... Amusing  
Mr. Skitch ..... Good  
David Harum ..... Excellent  
I'm No Angel ..... Depends on taste  
Little Women ..... Excellent  
Flying Down to Rio ..... Good of a kind  
House of Rothschild ..... Excellent  
Footlight Parade ..... Notable of a kind  
Paddy the Next Best Thing ..... Good

Or turn the test around. Take the ten best pictures so far as their quality is concerned, on the basis of the National Film Estimate service, adult judgments. Here are the box office records:

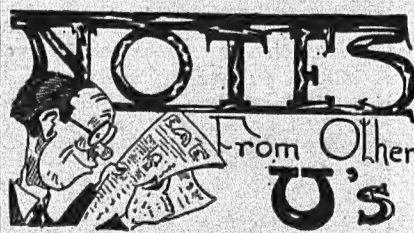
Quality Leaders. Box Office Reports  
Lady for a Day ..... Excellent  
Berkeley Square ..... Good  
Carolina ..... Very Good  
David Harum ..... Excellent  
Queen Christina ..... Good to fair  
Death Takes a Holiday ..... Good  
Little Women ..... Excellent  
Masquerader ..... Good to fair  
House of Rothschild ..... Excellent  
Catherine the Great ..... Good

And the number of sex-saturated flops, measured by the box office, is legion!

Contrast these records with the "Carpenter's" "Peep-show" record which he presents as an indication of the "true tastes of public entertainment."

I believe "The Carpenter" will be surprised to see that "I'm No Angel" was not condemned, while "Flying Down to Rio" was actually recommended, because his whole article shows that he doesn't fully understand the purposes of the people behind the "Drive for Decency" anyway.—Yours truly,

G. A. MILLER.



A New Method to Work Your Way Through College

A brand new method of working your way through college has recently been discovered at Ohio State, William L. Sheppard, who is known familiarly as "Smoke," does it by accepting wagers from his fraternity brothers.

His friends think up all the crazy things they've probably wanted to do themselves at one time or another and then pool their money to bet "Smoke" that he won't do them himself. "Smoke," however, will do just about anything. His latest exploit was to go to his classes last Thursday normally except for an old ragged pair of trousers, snipped of well above the knees. But "Smoke" is really versatile; the "Tarzan" yells which he often uncorks in crowded movies, and the pajamas he wears to dinner in campus restaurants prove that.

"Smoke" creates many a sensation with "single dares"—but when anyone has enough money to offer a "double dare" his activities border upon insanity. The "Lantern" passes judgment upon his future.—"probably will be the only college bred circus clown in existence.—Northwestern.

## Dizzy Definitions

Inoculation—a contradiction of germs. Marriage—the insane desire on the part of a man to find board and lodgings for another man's daughter.

Listening—waiting for the other person to finish so that you can start. A husband—the legally appointed audience for his wife.

—U. of W. Ontario Gazette.

## Am I Melancholy?

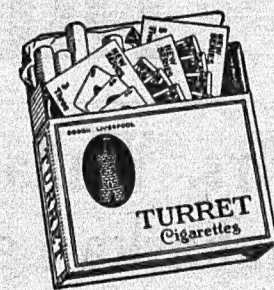
Afar down the valley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly, and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney pots, and the sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little red bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the grey distance swiped a banana from the cart of a passing Italian, and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain barrel in the back yard.

The little red bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey to the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze, came the far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce combat, making life a hollow mockery to some homeless cat. And amid it all the little red bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said, "I scratch because it itches."—The Varsity.



## SAGGIN' WHEELS...



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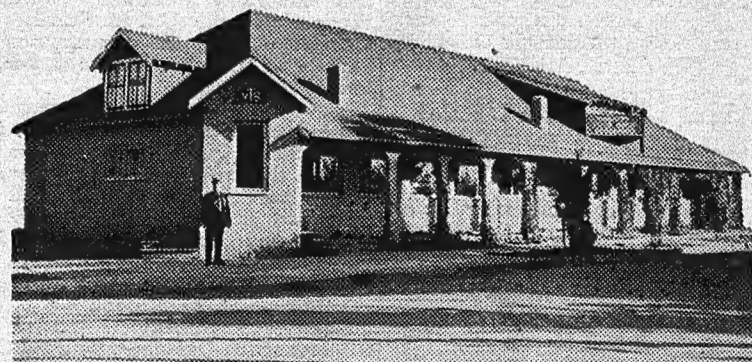
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## On Going a Journey: 1934

No talk of an everchanging landscape, snug old inns, and "many-tasting food," but a song of gravelled highways, rust and endless fences, this. Hazlitt had his days and dreams, and we, long wrapt in mute innocence, hung on his words entranced; but this is 1934, and thousands of miles away. Why are the landscapes of this, "my native land," so silent, unwatchful, unspeaking? No tales tell of past romance, no spectacles walk the shadows; they are blanks and meaningless. "On going a journey!" Laugh and be strong-hearted, lest it kill you; this land was made for forgetfulness or flight.

It is nine o'clock and I set out. The shadows are beginning to sink down heavily onto the breast of the prairie, while the sun's gold lies in tired beams over the short burnt wheat. The air is filled with fine white dust, and as the automobiles roar past my nostrils become raw and tender. This is the spirit of romance, I sing to myself!

Someone stops and offers a lift. I climb in and sink into a seat, muttering something about being tired of walking; which is untrue, but the right thing to say. He turns and asks me where I live, and I reply, "Oh, around here." Ah, Hazlitt, to be anonymous is harder than you think! Canada is so large, and the plains are a vast lost desert; but so small: you can no more escape than you can stir Betelgeuse. Anonymous? and a Canadian? How absurd. He thinks me a bum, I say to myself, and presently will tell me that "things certainly look tough," which is all very true, for anon to close up the gulf that yawns rapidly wider as the telephone poles fly by. "Well, the crops look bad this year. Harvesting won't be good." I gaze very hard at the yellow light of his head-lamps on the gravel (it is getting darker now), and watch the widening road rush under us in a firm-gliding stream. "No," I reply, "and wages will be terrible."

We are silent again, and I look out at the red and yellow streaks of mountain-jagged sunset: the air is cold and the dust ahead is blowing slowly from the highway; we watch its narrowed ribbon, lost so far off in twilight. He says nothing now, but settles to the business of driving in a stern absorbed absent-mindedness. He will begin presently to talk about his automobile, while my eyes wander over the indicators on the dash, and I will give mechanical replies which will be eminently satisfactory to him—and to me. In the midst of it all, "I get off at the next corner." He looks around and nods assent. Then we coast to a stop, and I get out with profuse expressions of gratefulness, while he ingeniously, but with shame-facedness at his own generosity, tries to hide his embarrassment, "I do not ordinarily pick people up, you know, but you looked safe." The old, old refrain, sung so apologetic-

ally with enormous effort at nonchalance. I grin: we understand each other perfectly. So he thinks.

I turn north and begin to walk: it will be a long journey and no moon till late. No one will stop now to give me a lift, for it is "unethical" to do so after dark. (Most people are cowards at heart, anyway, and console themselves that hitch-hiking is illegal in some parts of the country.) It will be as well: it is unpleasant to observe the rationalization of persons congratulating themselves on going "the second mile"!

The stars come out in hard brilliance. It is better to look up lest the procession of telephone poles, in long impressive crescented line, which but now fled by so silently, mock at you with their slow passing. Forty-four to the mile! or it is less? You count slowly, intently, and check at the two mile intersections. All this mechanically, of course, while you endeavor to impress yourself with an idea, looking blankly ahead, your feet keeping time the while. . . . Four miles. A car passes, and by its light you look quickly at your watch. . . .

There is not a sound but the dull humming of the wires overhead, which is nevertheless in tune with the night. There is a bridge near, for I can hear water rushing over stones at the bottom of the coulee. . . . Suddenly a horse starts up and gallops away at the sound of footsteps. . . . The coulee past, the noise of the water fades away and only the drone of wires remains. Far off in the distance a dog barks, and I stop to fill my pockets with pebbles from the gravel. The precaution is well taken, for at the next farmhouse a dog runs out barking and I drive him away with the stones. Then on again, to the rhythm of footsteps, and the slower beat of the poles that stalk by, going south. Eight miles. . . .

At last the moon comes up, chastely cold and serene. "On such a night" . . . ; the prairie erstwhile so bleak is bathed in the darkest blue, while the stars are dimmer, softer. A nearby slough, which in the day is a slimy, horrible place, glows like a silver coin. Must the night then bewitch me too, with its low even breathing of the sleep of aeons? Not here, in this other world. "My native land,"—how strangely the words ring in my ears, as I repeat them aloud, and gaze at the hastily erected elevators standing like monuments in the moonlight. No son of time, even "on such a night," could thrill with joy, but only look far away to the horizon, where there is retreat and oblivion. Traditionless, and without the tie of earth or tribe, you wrestle vainly with time, while your sons forsake you.

A grove of trees looms up in the distance, and I realize suddenly that my walk is ended. No, not in a snug old inn with laughter and many voices, but a bunkhouse, chilly and bare. I climb between the cold blankets, and watch the shaft of moonlight thrown through the open door. The night is eternal in its silence. And that alone, my native land, is your sombre mystery, the only bond with your people: never before have the gods beheld such a solemn land.

### CERCLE FRANCAIS

The Cercle Français will hold its second meeting tomorrow, Nov. 7, at 4:30, in St. Joe's Assembly Hall. "Korom et les Esprits," an original and devastating spectacle, will be presented. Brush up on your demonology and come and see this. Tea, as per usual. Please present your membership card. If you have not one, remember they are the sine qua non of all admission to the French Club.

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EMPRESS—Thurs., Friday and Sat., Nov. 8, 9, 10—Zasu Pitts in "Their Big Moment" and Irene Dunn in "Cimarron."

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Nov. 7, 8, 9—Geo. White's "Scandals," featuring Rudy Vallee's Orchestra, Jimmy Durante and Alice Fay; also "Wild Gold," featuring John Boles.

## UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL NEWS

### DIARY OF NURSE PEPYS

Extract from journal of nurse in training, New Haven.

Up betimes and awakened with much difficulty by my alarm clock and roommate crying out "Hell's bells," which was methinks most appropriate. While dressing did meditate on the imbecility which prompts the young female to adopt (out of the 673 gainful occupations which, as I read the other day, are now open to maiden-ladies) a profession which necessitates her arising at 6:15 of the clock. By reason of having to put on a clean uniform did miss most of my breakfast; arrived on duty and admonished to go about my work with great dispatch, as Grand Rounds would take place this morning, this being a most awesome collection of all the surgeons, great and small.

Ye interne first arrives, asking all the women how they slept in the night—and they all replying, "Oh, doctor, I never slept a wink," whereupon he did write on all their charts, "Patient slept well all night," and I wondered as usual whom, in his inmost heart, he deemed the liar.

Everything was most quiet during Grand Rounds, the nurses passing with hushed footfall and scarcely daring to breathe, whereupon a woman halfway down the ward began shouting and calling, "Nurse, nurse, bad-pin, bad-pin," and other details which she did elaborate in a loud tone. She was appeased with some difficulty, and I searched the faces of the Great Doctors for some gleam of amusement or annoyance, but could not discern that their expressions changed by a whit.

Later assisted ye interne with dressings, and being the first time I had done this, as I am but newly come to the surgical science, and most slow and clumsy I was, so that I fear the good doctor became somewhat exasperated. I yearned to say: "Verily, was anybody ever born knowing how to do dressings; and this is worse for me even than it is for you"—but held my peace.

Very busy all the morning and then to lunch—meeting one of my classmates outside the dining-room door and asking, "What is for lunch?" And she replying, "Raw bacon, cold potatoes and half-cooked corn." I found it even as she had said, but for all that managed to eat a goodly portion. Home to look for mail: then having two hours off duty and deciding to be most virtuous, to the library to study for class. But arriving there did happen to think of a book mentioned by my room-mate, which after some search I discovered, and albeit the title was "Legal Medicine" and sounded very dull: nevertheless did find parts of it so engrossing that I was almost late to class.

Arrived in time to hear ye doctor begin: "It is practically impossible to attempt to cover in a single hour a subject to which medical students devote an entire semester," so I knew I was in the right class. Did truly feel sorry for ye great doctor, who was trying to explain in words of one syllable ideas for which it appears there are no such words. But could also not help feeling sorry for us of feeble intellect who were endeavoring mightily to keep awake.

Meditated somewhat upon this problem of education for nurses, but reflected: if they did not have classes and examinations for nurses, with what would the A.M.A. Journal fill its Tonic and Sedatives columns in the absence of their bright answers?

Back on duty to find a vast amount of work awaiting me, and was doing four o'clock treatments from three until six, so that I felt full of sympathy for the old woman who was said to live in a shoe. Narrowly escaped missing my supper by being late into the dining-room, but did manage to show them by my watch that their clock was fast, so finally received some supper—but forgot now of what it did consist.

Almost ready to go off duty when at five minutes of seven a new patient was admitted, so that between putting her to bed and labeling her clothes (of which she had a vast number) and fixing her chart, and attending ye doctor, it was nearly eight o'clock when I got home. Did resolve when I became Superintendent of a hospital, there would be no patients admitted after five o'clock either at night or in the morning—nor on Sunday all day.

Reclined upon my bed—thinking possibly to receive a telephone call; and put my feet up so I might not develop varicose veins, which we are told are the especial foe of nurses and pregnant women. Methought, how terrible if one were both.

Becoming too comfortable in this position and not receiving my telephone call (which I did not much expect anyway), I soon fell asleep and so remained until my room-mate came in and awoke me.

Then I undressed and went to bed in such a drowsy condition that I did apply hair-cream to my face instead of skin lotion. Lay awake for a few minutes wondering whether, perchance, I might wake up next morning with a full beard, but too tired to let this thought distress me long—and so to sleep. . . .

### IN LOVING MEMORY

The world grows better year by year  
Because some nurse in her little sphere  
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings  
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills  
To remedy mankind's numerous ills.  
Feeding the babies, answering the bells,  
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home, and all the while  
Wearing the same old professional smile.  
Blessing the new-born babe's first breath,  
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes,  
O dear! what a lot of patience it takes.  
Going off duty at seven o'clock,  
Tired, discouraged, ready to drop.

When we lay down our caps and cross  
The Bar,  
O Lord will you give us just one little star

To wear in our crown with our uniform new  
In that City above, where the Head Nurse is You?  
—Submitted in loving memory of Doris Stevens, beloved student nurse, who passed away Sunday, October 20th.

## SPORTETTES

Basketball is off to a good start. With many members of last year's lineup back and much promising material in the Freshette ranks, Coach Doug McIntyre is hopeful of a successful season. The girls are out to bring a basketball championship to U. of A. Here's to you, girls!

Aquatic stars and would-be mermaids start a season of weekly dips in the Y.W.C.A. pool at 8:30 Wednesday. An interfaculty swimming meet has been proposed. Its success depends on your interest and support. This furnishes an opportunity for promising Freshettes to show their talent. Come on, girls—get in the swim!

What is the attraction at the grid these days? Women hockey enthusiasts are turning out en masse for pre-season training. A champ rugby team and a champ-making coach—what an incentive! The girls have taken a liking to the pigskin, and in Coach Wilson's absence are having workouts with junior would-be champs. In a brief encounter, Hewitt's followers downed the Smithites 5-1. Porky's run for a touch was almost as sensational as that witnessed at the stadium a fortnight ago. Girls, if you want to get in on this fun as well as get in shape for hockey, come down to the grid at 4:30 Monday, Wednesday and Friday. When Al comes back he may find his hockey candidates have turned into a girls' rugby squad.

## Thoughts of an Exchange Student

By M. M.

The mere mention of Toronto in the fall calls to my mind a whirl of fluttering blue and white ribbons, Stadium Magazines, red blankets, umbrellas and peanuts—for the Saturday afternoon of a home game, whether sunny, rainy or snowy—finds the campus in the throes of rugby madness. A ticket for the Varsity cheering section (open bleachers, at that) is worth anything from your best hat up. There are times, however, when a cold trickle of rain down the back of one's neck makes the covered grandstand—the stronghold of ordinary citizens—look decidedly inviting. Everybody goes—and even when the snow is falling so heavily that it is absolutely impossible to see across the grid, everyone cheers lustily and hoarsely, thoroughly convinced that something must be happening on the field.

Nine-tenths of the thrill of a game comes from being one of the hilarious, insane rooters for the home team. Rain may fall in torrents, dye may stream from innocent looking hats and coats may be pressed into permanent creases, but still the energetic cheer leaders—splendid in white (?)—continue to cheer and wave their arms, finishing each yell with a handspring in the mud.

Nor is the Varsity band to be overlooked! Last year they were very swish—sporting new blue and white uniforms—with capes, no less! And the have the most priceless, plump little bandmaster! At half-time they ably amuse the noisy mob with college songs. After marching around the grid and performing intricate manoeuvres, they halt, in formation, and there before wondering eyes are the initials of the university of the visiting team. A few brisk moves, and this time U. of T. With what gusto is the Varsity song sung!

Each game in itself is an event of a lifetime. Till last fall my interest in rugby had been practically nil, but by half-time at the first game there was nothing I wanted to know quite as much as the meaning of "yards," "first down," "offside" and all. In a surprisingly short time the game changed from a meaningless scramble to a real battle where superior strength, speed and technique won the day. Rugby has a new meaning.

We were exceptionally fortunate last year in having the final game played in Toronto—after Varsity and Queen's had tied for first place in the Intercollegiate League. It was a splendid game, genuinely interesting and gloriously exciting.

The tea dances which often follow the big rugby games are jolly affairs, perfect endings for such fall afternoons. Conversation never lags, for there is always the game to discuss. And who could think of mentioning anything else?

### TO A SAWYER

I'd like to see you tight  
Some night,  
When all the earth's in darkness,  
And there's no moon your plight  
To light,  
The sky o'ercast and starless.  
I'd like to see you slant  
And cant  
From normal nature's posture,  
And forward serpentine  
Your line  
With multifarious gesture;  
And weave a way along  
With song  
Which, to the sky ascending,  
Would waken bird and beast,  
At least,  
With its majestic ringing.  
I'd like to see you wilt  
And tilt  
As homeward slow you slanted  
Each tree,  
And with anxiety  
Which to your vision canted,  
Uphold—lest with bizarre  
Loud jar  
It fall and crush you supine.

I'd like to see you so recline  
If for no other purpose  
To say, with merriness sublime,  
His passing strange andanine  
Queer arguments so verbose.  
This once, at least, to other head  
Than to his own is credited.

### NOTICE

The first open meeting of the newly-formed Architectural Students' Club will be held in Room 111 Arts, on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 4:30 p.m. Speaker—Mr. J. Adam. Subject—"Ruskin Among the Architects." Tea and cake will be served.

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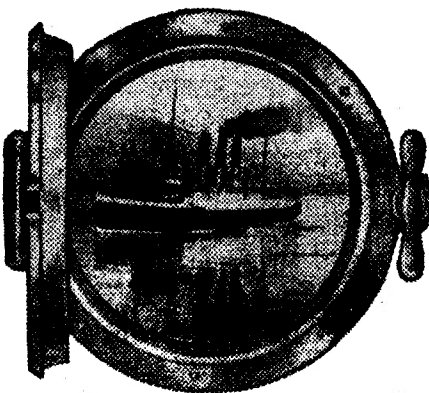
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# VARSITY BEARS WIN INTERCOLLEGIATE RUGBY TITLE

## Meralomas Take Series In Thrilling Style

Quarterback Sneak Nets Us 6 Points—Final Score 8-6

VANCOUVER, Nov. 6.—University of Alberta's gallant bid for victory in the interprovincial rugby finals here Saturday failed, but not before the Golden Bears had given their opponents, the Vancouver Meralomas, one of the hardest gridiron battles in the history of the sport here. The final score of the last game was 8-6, and as the Bears went down 5-0 in the opening fixture here Thursday night, the Meralomas win on the round, 13-6.

Plowing through mud and handling a slippery ball, the Bears found the going altogether too difficult. It rained throughout the game, and although the fans and experts hereabouts continually suggested that it was only a "mist," we can assure all our readers that it was second only to the John-town flood.

Although defeated, the Golden Bears put up a marvellous game of football. They were working under the most harrowing conditions—conditions that were absolutely foreign to them and under which their opponents play at their best. Time and again kicks that should have been blocked went for long gains because the Varsity were held in their tracks by mud that came up over their ankles.

**Meralomas' Wonderful Kicking**  
And now we come to the feature of the game—the kicking by the Meraloma fullbacks. It was a heavy ball and a slippery oval, but they kicked for 50 and 60 yards with the greatest ease. Frequently they found themselves in the position where they had to kick

### HE'S RESPONSIBLE



AL WILSON

The man to whom credit for Varsity's fine showing at the coast is due.

and had to make it good, and not once did the Meralomas gum up their chances.

And finally, as we discuss the Meralomas entirely, we come to the superb play in backfield. They have lifted bodily from the English rugby game the great lob-passing plays, even when one of their ball-carriers is being tackled, he makes a pass. With the greatest daring they pass over an incoming player's head. It almost gives the western rugby fan the jitters watching them take chances with the ball.

**Ross Outstanding**  
But not once did the Meralomas make a mistake. Well, as a matter of fact, they did make one mistake, and that was how Varsity managed to punch over its touchdown. It came in the second quarter. On a long kick by Guy Morton, the ball came down near the Meraloma line, and Joe Ross, the safety-man of the Meralomas, misjudged the kick. The ball was pounced upon by Captain Hal Richard, and then with Alberta in possession on the Meralomas' one-yard line, they tried a line-buck and were held, and Richard himself on a quarter-back sneak, carried the oval over the line, and gave the Varsity their major score.

The convert was only missed by the fewest of slim inches. It hit the top of the cross-bar and bounded back into the playing field.

This fellow Ross was the thorn in the flesh of the Bears. Not only was he a thorn, but he literally tore out large and unsightly slices of good old bear-hide and hair. He kicked all of the Meralomas points, and he got fine distance on all of his punts.

Throughout the piece, the Varsity had a goodly share of the play. That they lost was no particular fault of anyone—with the exception of the weatherman—and, when you consider British Columbia's weather, the same weatherman apparently doesn't know any better—he does this sort of thing every day.

## B.C. Varsity Loses Silverware; Coast Trip Ends in Victory

VANCOUVER WEATHER UP TO STANDARD

Intercollegiate supremacy again came to Alberta after a six-year absence, when the Golden Bears drove U.B.C. scampering at Vancouver on Monday, handing out an 11 to 1 defeat to the Blue and Gold squad. Playing their third game in five days, the Bears, after a poor start, showed a marked edge as they slithered their way across a muddy field for two touchdowns and a rouge. The Alberta squad was battle weary and stiff from their losing fight against the Meralomas, but they showed their live fighting spirit as they tore

into the fresh British Columbians, and after being pushed around in the first quarter, came back strong in the second to score two touchdowns. On Saturday the Alberta collegians will defend their newly-won trophy against the Saskatchewan Huskies in a sudden death game at the Varsity grid.

The game was played before a crowd of over a thousand collegians bristling with college color, which gave the game a quite different aspect from the two previous tilts. However, the field conditions were the same, an all night rain had completely soaked the already flooded field, making the footing unsteady and the ball handling precarious.

B.C. put the Albertans on the defensive from the opening kick-off. A series of line plunges and wide bucks found gaping holes in the Varsity line, and the coast squad marched into scoring position. A forward pass put the ball on the Bear thirty yard line, and a well placed punt from Kendall's foot gave U.B.C. first blood, as Wiloughby dropped Richard behind the line in the first few minutes of play.

It wasn't until the end of the quarter that the tired Albertans found their footing and began to get their plays clicking. Plunges by Scott, Morton and Gordon placed the ball well in B.C. territory as the quarter ended.

**Varsity Scores**  
B.C. gained possession deep in their

own territory, and after two unsuccessful plunges, attempted to kick out. However, the hustling Green and Gold squad broke through to block the kick, and Kramer fell on the loose ball. Two plunges put the ball on the U.B.C. three yard line, and Richard carried the ball over for a touchdown on a power play not converted.

U.B.C. opened up with a clever forward passing attack, which put them deep in Varsity territory, but the Bears tightened each time the golden blue line threatened.

Alberta's second score came just at the close of the half. Morton kicked and Richard running onside tackled Kendall hard as he received. The B.C. back fumbled, and Malcolm coming in fast scooped up the ball and romped thirty yards for a touchdown. It was a pretty play.

**Second Half**  
Leading 10-1, Varsity played a conservative game in the second half, and were never seriously threatened. Their eleventh point came midway through the third quarter when Richard and Gordon roused a B.C. back on Morton's kick. It was a welcome victory for Alberta after a discouraging series played in adverse weather. Scott, Richard, Gordon and Morton were the winner's big offensive threats, while on defence, Rule, Park and Cameron were the shining lights. Kendall, shifty B.C. back and kick, was outstanding for the coast squad.

## SPORTSHOTS

By Norm Cameron

At the risk of having the criticism of being redundant handed to us, let's reiterate, playing three games in five days is a tough assignment in any man's league. Our boys did it. Maybe they attempted the impossible. We won't argue that one, but we are proud of the showing that they made. Win or lose, they've showed that they're a game bunch. And ain't that sompung?

That Saturday's game must have been one worth watching. After the experience of a muddy field on Thursday and playing under floodlights for the first time, to come so close to winning and then have victory snatched from them by so slim a margin must have been heart-breaking. A tough game to lose is always a grand one to win. We offer our congratulations to the Meralomas for their splendid showing. We hope that they get as far in this play-off business as we wanted our own boys to go.

The Arts-Ag-Law combination, with its triumph over Science in the game Saturday at the grid, may now claim interfacially rugby supremacy. These two teams have played their way through the entire series without losing a game. They were unvanquished until Saturday, and Science was forced to bow its head to the superior faculty organization of gridders to the tune of 8-6, and is Epstein proud of his little rugby players! It is actually rumored that without his superlative managerial ability the present champions would never have had a chance against the Scientists.

After their experience at the Coast our boys should have a little more respect for Alberta mud. It's a cinch that they have had plenty of chance to compare the two brands in the past few days. What with mists that they've encountered which are worse than Alberta downpours and just plain mud that has our gumbo beaten in forty different ways, the weather must have been lovely.

We were sorry to hear that Doug McIntyre received an injury to his collar-bone on Saturday. Here's hoping that too much damage wasn't done. The Alberta basketball teams are depending on his services for the winter, and if he's laid up for long the good work already accomplished may be lost. Best of luck, Doug.

We see that the Boxing and Wrestling Club are planning a tournament for the 21st of this month. They claim to have some past-masters in the gentle arts prepared to do or die for their faculties in the approaching contests, so it should be well worth attending.

The playing of English rugby certainly helped those Meralomas in their march to victory over the week-end. Even if our boys didn't win the inter-provincial title, they learned something about the fall pastime. The chances the Coast boys took with their passes showed us a few things that may be used to good advantage.

## Interfac Rugby Upset Arts-Ag-Law Win Title

UNBEATEN TEAMS ENGAGE IN THRILLING CONTEST

The Arts-Ag-Law rugby team swept on to victory Saturday, winning the interfac rugby title when they defeated the Applied Science team by an 8-5 score in a hard fought game. The squads were evenly matched, and it was not till the final whistle blew that the Arts team were sure of the victory.

A fumble on the part of Dallamore, back for the Science team, proved costly when McCaig of Arts recovered the fumble and gained a touchdown, which was the deciding count, giving the Arts team a

lead that the Engineers were not able to overcome. The superior tackling and kicking of the winners proved strong in both offensive and defensive, and gave the Arts squad an advantage which they seized and which, in spite of better line work by the Engineers, kept the latter on the defensive through a greater part of the game. One of the largest crowds to attend an interfac game for years cheered the teams on in the fast, clean game that was thrilling to watch from beginning to end.

The Engineers drew first blood when Dallamore kicked out of touch to give Science one point. A few minutes later they scored again when McLaws of Arts was roused for another point. The Arts team picked up and began to give the Engineers tough opposition, but were not able to get into a scoring position before the end of the first quarter.

In the second quarter the kicking of McLaws for Arts scored to put them in the lead. Cruickshank received a forward pass, giving the Arts about 20 yards. McLaws made a place kick over the bars putting them in lead 3-2. On the Engineers kick-off, Hutton, Arts quarterback, returned the kick, which was fumbled by Dallamore. McCaig was right in to retrieve the fumble and to carry the ball across for Arts, increasing their lead to 8-2. At the end of the quarter Science gained a point when they roused McCaig to make the score 8-3.

After half-time both teams seemed over-anxious to speed the play up. The teams receiving five penalties for offides. Neither team was able to score in the third quarter, though a number of good plays were made on both sides. For the Engineers, Dallamore, Drumheller, Robertson, and Oliver showed some real rugby, while McLaws, McNally, Semenik, Carlyle and Stewart played a heady game for Arts.

The fourth quarter gave the Science team two more points when Hutton, in order to prevent a touchdown, kicked the ball out of touch. Score 8-5. Play was faster and harder in this last part of the game. McLaws got a lovely

the coaches.

There bids fair to be plenty of competition for the ward among the boxers especially. The club roster lists a southern Alberta champion as well as several ex-champs, in addition to plenty of promising new material.

The wrestling section is also wrapped up in its work under the able direction of Mr. McLean, a student coach who has had plenty of experience in amateur ring battles. The grunners and groaners turn out for grunting and groaning also on Monday and Thursday, providing all bones have knit from the last workout. There are a lot of husky young grapplers from last year's class as well as some eager novices.

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